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SWEDISH EROTICA

35

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A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE



This year's crop of fuck films is beginning to come in for review, and all we can say is that the product is better than ever. New faces are appearing (plus new tits, cunts and cocks), but some of the old stars are still in there giving their best and proving that the upcoming stars face pretty stiff competition from the oldtimers. There still isn't a cock on the horizon to match the one Big John Holmes wields, and isn't likely to be in the near future. The genes needed to

produce a dong the size of his can't possibly come together very often and, even if they do, the rest of the biological product will probably not be up to standard. John will likely be unchallenged in his specialized field for years to come.

This doesn't mean that the new studs in the game are lacking in talent or equipment. *Three on a Barber Chair*, one of the two films reviewed in this issue, certainly demonstrates that John Holmes is not the only fucker around worth watching. The lads in this film have hefty

enough equipment, plus the youth and endurance to match. They seem capable of keeping their peckers up through thick or thin (no insult to the lady intended), and their performance is rousing.

The gals are something else again. Miss Jersey Maid, Big John's co-star in the film of the same name, has the finest jugs we've viewed in ages, and a quim that absorbs cock like it was about to go out of style. With lassies like this coming up there will be no shortage of female flesh to delight our senses.

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FILM #301: THREE ON A BARBER CHAIR



FILM #303: MISS JERSEY MAID





FILM #301:
THREE ON
A BARBER
CHAIR



The fuck film fare being dished up these days certainly comes in fanciful surroundings. Viewers of *Three on a Barber Chair* may expect more than just a shearing from the next clip artist they encounter. We certainly will not be able to pass a barber shop for some time without wondering what special pleasures the back room may offer — especially if the shop happens to feature a lady manicurist with a particularly voluptuous mouth.

The antics begin when Franco, deciding that he needs his curly locks trimmed, ducks into a barber shop he's never visited before and asks the gent who wields the comb and scissors to do his thing. No sooner does he settle into the chair than the snippings begin

to fall — and the manicurist moves in for the kill. She's hungry for business and Franco has the sort of full crotch to his pants that really moves her.

Does Franco want a manicure? With a lovely like that manipulating the tips of his fingers, you bet your sweet hardon (which is exactly what Franco has by now) he does. He already has visions of her manipulating a lot more than his fingers, and what he'd like to be doing to her could not be printed in a family magazine which, fortunately, we are not.

So there the doll is, sitting pretty between his thighs. The better to get access to his fingers, she says, while leaning her pretty little elbow on his left ball just hard enough to let him know that she knows exactly







what she's doing. Then she leans forward to breath into the palm of his hand and he can look down her tank top to the sweetest set of tits he's seen in ages. And by now it isn't her elbow on his balls, it's her knowing hands on his cock, coaxing him even harder.

Harry, the barber, is used to watching his manicurist perform tricks like this with the customers and has no objections to her behavior whatsoever. It brings him repeat business and, when the customer also has no objections, allows him to get his own ashes hauled from time to time. This may be one of those times. The customer seems to be a Continental type, and they are invariably more liberal in their sexual

attitudes than Americans. Maybe he and the customer can give Annette, the manicurist, the business together.


By this time Annette has Franco's cock out and he's breathing heavily as her tongue licks greedily around the head of his cock. Harry has a hardon just from watching, and it suddenly occurs to him that there might be viewers outside his shop window getting a free show. No problem. With a flick of two switches Harry has lowered a curtain over the front window and locked the door against unwanted intrusion. Just in time, too, because Franco has been getting into the spirit of things and has managed to strip right there in the barber chair, while still sitting.

Harry, too, is feeling







A photograph of a man and a woman in a close, intimate pose. The man, on the left, is shirtless and has a beard and curly hair. He is looking down towards the woman. The woman, on the right, is kneeling and looking up at the man with a playful expression. She is holding a small object, possibly a cigarette or a pen, near her mouth. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a bar or a similar indoor setting with shelves and bottles.

**Kneeling between his
thighs, she smiled
up at him wickedly,
then bit lightly on
the head of his cock.**




the heat, and decides that he's overdressed for the situation which is developing. Within thirty seconds Annette is the only human left in the shop still wearing clothes, but they are no longer an inconvenience to her. Harry has dropped his comb, folded his scissors and left his position behind the barber chair. Franco, the customer, no longer cares what shape

his hair is in because his cock is in superb shape and actively engaged in filling Annette's mouth to the overflowing point. Annette is greedily taking everything he can deliver as deep as to the tonsils and demanding more even while Franco is feeding it to her. What position does this leave Annette in? It leaves her with her rear undefended, which may be what she

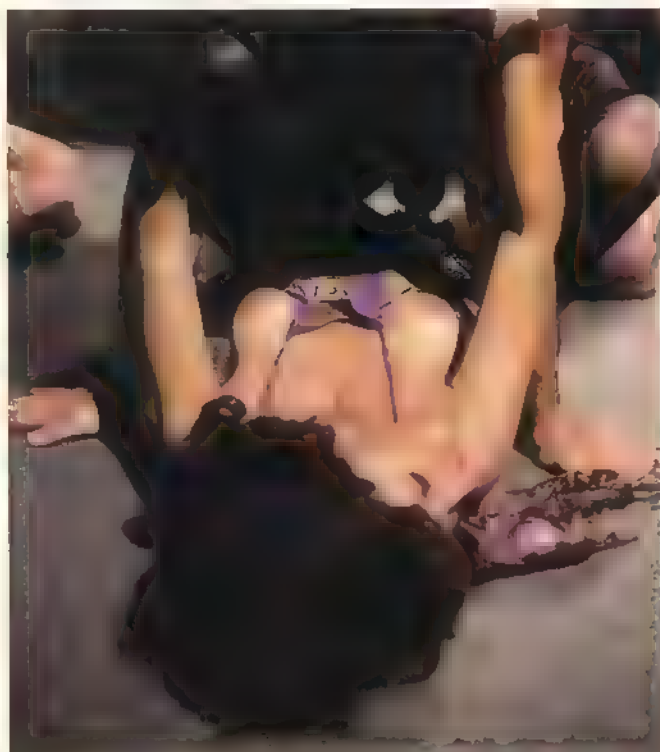




A woman with dark hair is lying on her back on a bed, wearing a purple bikini. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression. Above her, the legs of another person are visible, bent at the knees. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

He knelt between her parted thighs, feeling his cock slip into her soaking slot as she began to mouth sexual obscenities of pure pleasure.





had in mind all along. And, as everyone with military experience knows, an undefended rear is often invaded.

Harry is there to do the invading, as he has done many times before. You'd think that Annette would learn sooner or later that Harry has posterior motives, but maybe she likes it that way. Certainly, when Harry impales her on

his cock from behind with one mighty lunge, she merely sighs with pleasure and sucks away on Franco's whang more avidly. When Franco fires a load that would choke a horse, Annette swallows it as though it were the elixer of life (which, perhaps, it is), and clamps her quim tighter around Harry's cock, which by now is balls deep and trying to get deeper.





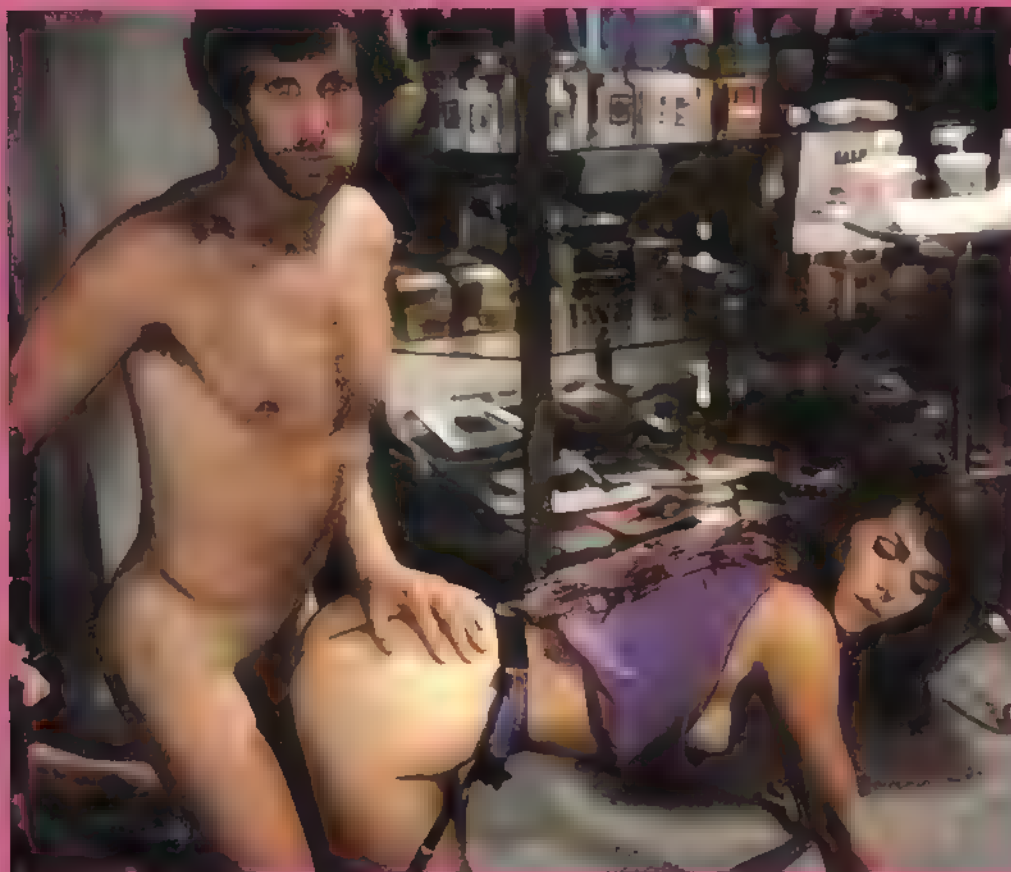
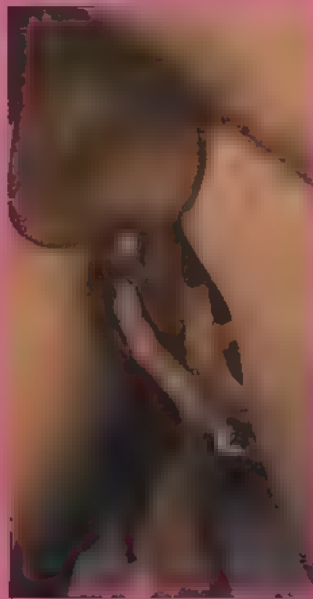
Harry's response to the added pressure is a salvo through his own hose which squirts and burbles through the deepest recesses of Annette's cunt. This is what she lives for, what turns her completely on. Getting pronged to the point of orgasm while sucking another guy's joint is her idea of total bliss. Of it were possible to be fucked through another opening while the aforementioned is going on she would pay through the nose for the privilege. Unfortunately, Annette's nose is normal and petite and incapable of being fucked.

Franco has shot a heavy load, but he is a Frenchman and his national honor is at stake. He not only rises to the

occasion almost immediately, his second hardon of the day is even bigger than the first, and Annette is immediately cooing over it, ready to blow it down the way she did the first one. But Franco has other ideas. Blow jobs are nice, but he loves nothing more than the feeling of a lovely woman quivering in ecstasy while his cock plumbs her interior. He can take them either way, in the cunt or up the ass. The method he chooses depends on how he feels at the moment.

The barber, by a simple intromission of his cock to Annette's quim, has made her come. If a mere barber can do that, can a Frenchman do less? He will not only make her come, he will make her come so hard

and so long that forever afterward she will long for only French cocks to serve her pleasure. Since Harry is almost out on his feet after the load he fired, it does not take much persuasion to get the barber to change









While the non-plussed customer smoothly slipped his cock in and out of her from behind, she held her lips tightly to the barber's throbbing cock, slurping greedily and much to his delight.





places with his customer for a few moments. Now Harry is in the chair, preparing to be sucked off, and Franco is about to put the blocks to Annette.

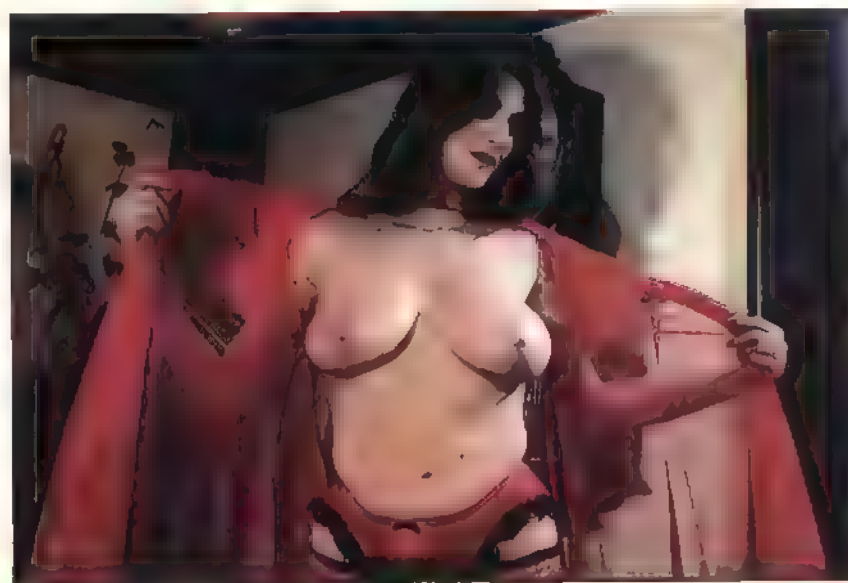
When the barber chair becomes too confining, they switch to the floor. Fucking in more conventional style appears to please everyone concerned, especially since while one of the lads is slipping the meat to her she can gain energy to stay soft long enough to notice and they each have more loads ready to fire than a Gattling gun. Annette is slippery with cum everywhere their cocks can reach. She can't get enough of the stuff. (Maybe she lives on it, thus saving on her grocery bills.)

The film, as we have noted, displays talent aplenty. The studs are long on cocksmanship and endurance, if quick on the trigger. But rapid fire isn't bad at all from the audience viewpoint when the shots are coming thick and fast.

The lassie has a talent for the game and demonstrates it in every position she assumes. Her mouth is hot and eager and she's turned thoroughly on, as her pointed, quivering nipples attest. Sucking cock is more than a business with her, it's a hobby as well. We rate the film as an exceptional effort in every respect. If these three get together in another film it has to be a winner. ●







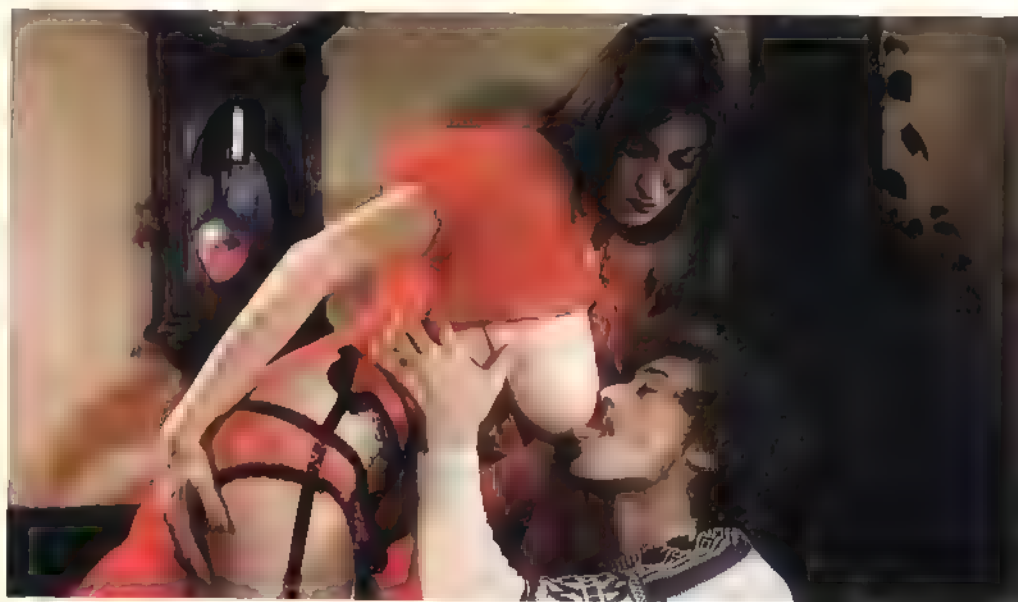
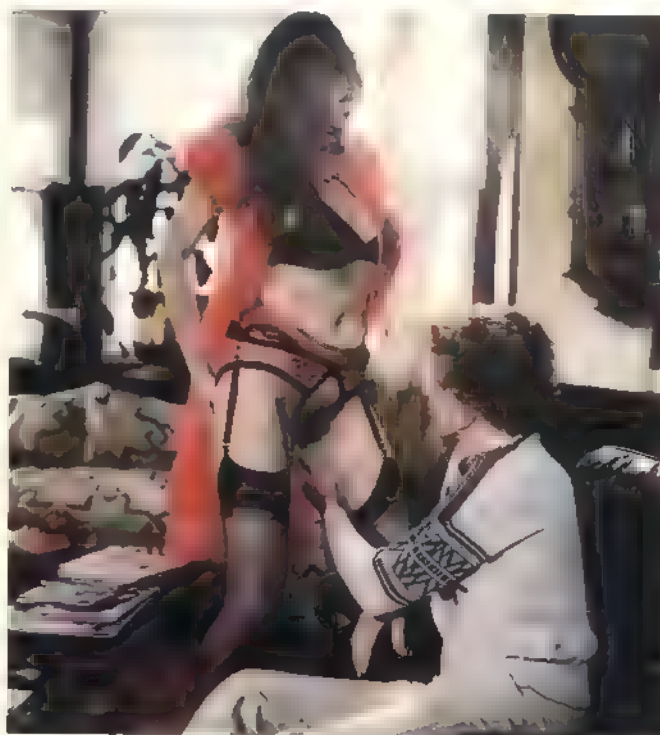
FILM #303:
MISS JERSEY

W

hen a gal has jugs as big as this one's she has to expect a bit of kidding about their dimensions. Triple E cup bras would be just about big enough for her to squeeze into, using a shoehorn, and then

maybe they'd have to grease the cups. In addition to that, her tits are as firm and upright as those generally found on skinny little broads whose tits rival insect bites. What makes her milk factories really stand out and attract attention is the fact that they're

built onto a body that's otherwise slim, topped with a face any gal would be proud to own. In other words, the gal is dynamite, no matter what angle she's being examined from — a perfect female complement to Big John Holmes' mighty dong.



Y MAID

Big John is her current beau, or so says the story line, and he's hot to get into her panties. They haven't made it yet, because John still hasn't come up with the formula which will spread her timid thighs. Or maybe he just hasn't asked her yet.

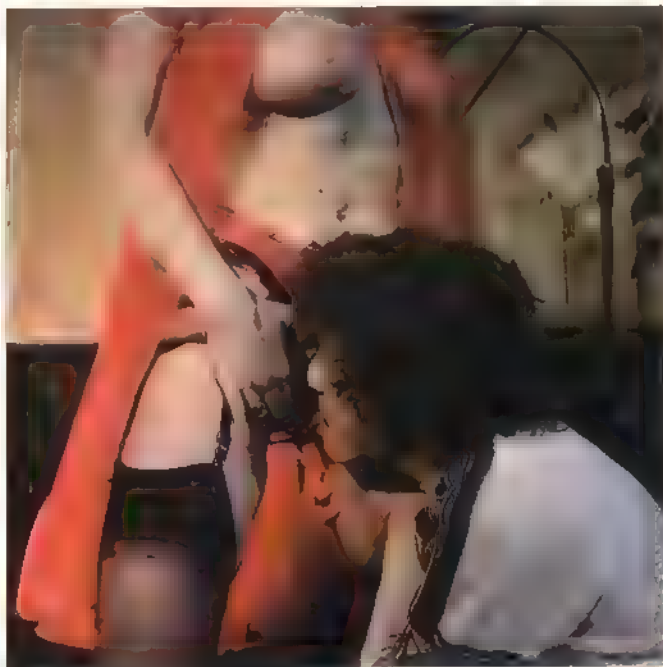
The action begins when Miss Jersey Maid — she actually uses that handle as her professional modeling name — receives a present from the big man's own hand. Imagine her surprise when she opens the package to discover a pair of split crotch panties in just her size.

"How did you guess?" she asks. "But what's the opening in the middle for?"

"The better to fuck you, my darling," says Big John, with a leer. "It saves time. You don't have to take your panties off first."

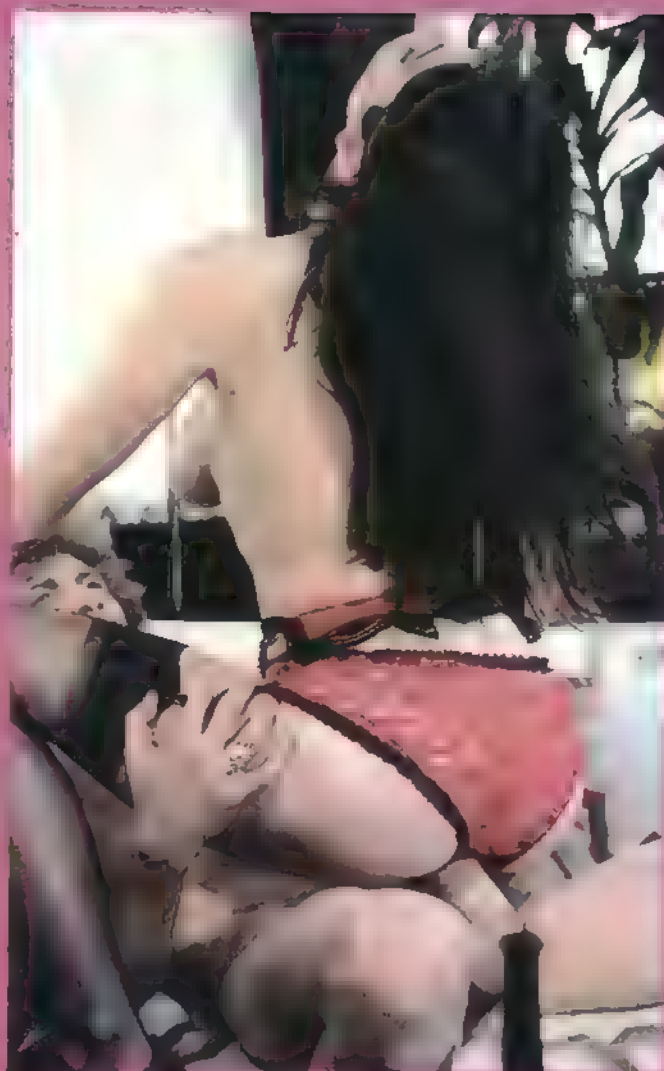
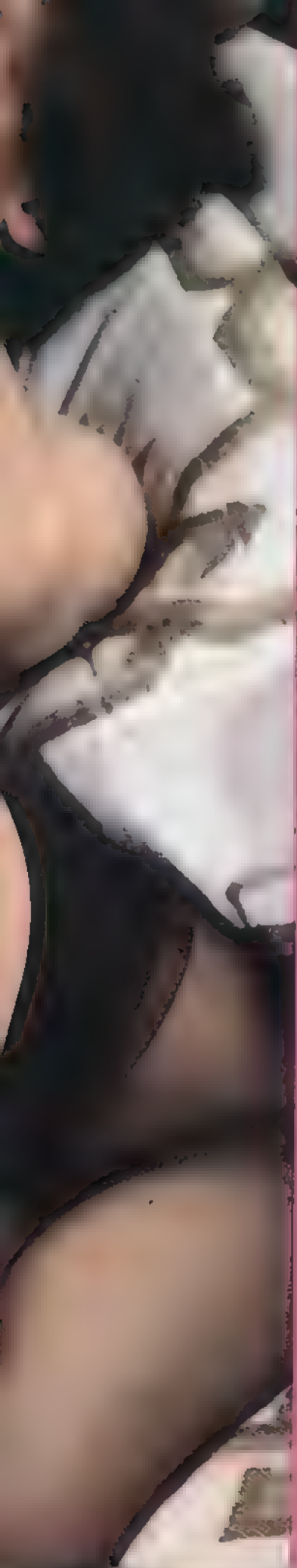
Miss Jersey Maid does her best. Her fingers stroke and soothe and slide, jerking off Big John while she sucks avidly on his cockhead. Then her reward is delivered. In return for the valiant service she has rendered, Big John shoots off a load totally in keeping in quantity with the size of his cock. She manages to swallow some, but the rest spurts from her mouth and trickles down her chin, drips to the cushions of her new sofa.

Getting to blow John Holmes is a thrill, of course, for any gal, but this one deserves more than just that. John may have that mighty dong, but she has a pair of tits that are close to the female equivalent of his equipment and thus deserves special consideration. Big John owes her a mighty fuck, and that is precisely what he delivers — all over that









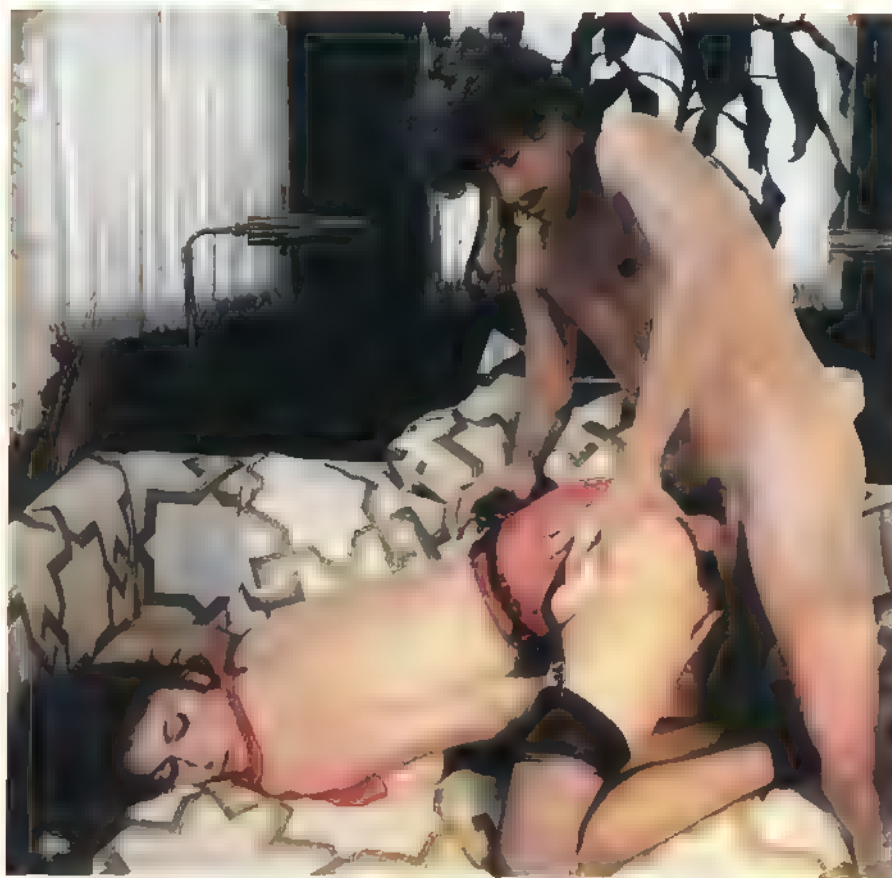
nice new sofa. By the time the two of them are finished with it, the thing will need a total cleaning and perhaps reupholstering. Just the friction they deliver to its surface would wear out any fabric.

But the important friction is taking place inside the gal's cunt, where John's huge cock has found a home worthy of its dimensions. Her snatch is tight around his shaft and as deep as is necessary. He can plunge it in balls deep and she does not beg for mercy. This gal has to have the deepest snatch east of the Mississippi River. She takes everything John has to deliver and begs for more. Not that she isn't coming all over the place. The sofa is almost as soggy with cunt juice as it is with cum, and at the rate they're going it's likely to wash away in the stream. Her cunt is every bit a match for his cock, and Big John is growing worried. He has to

has to dominate every gal he fucks through the power of his dong, and this one isn't being dominated. Maybe he's found the true love of his life at last. One technique left to try for the big man.

While fucking her from behind he twists around on the sofa and finds one of those lovely jugs with his mouth. Now he's plugged into her and she's plugged into him. John knows as much about tit sucking as he does about fucking, which is just about everything there is to know.

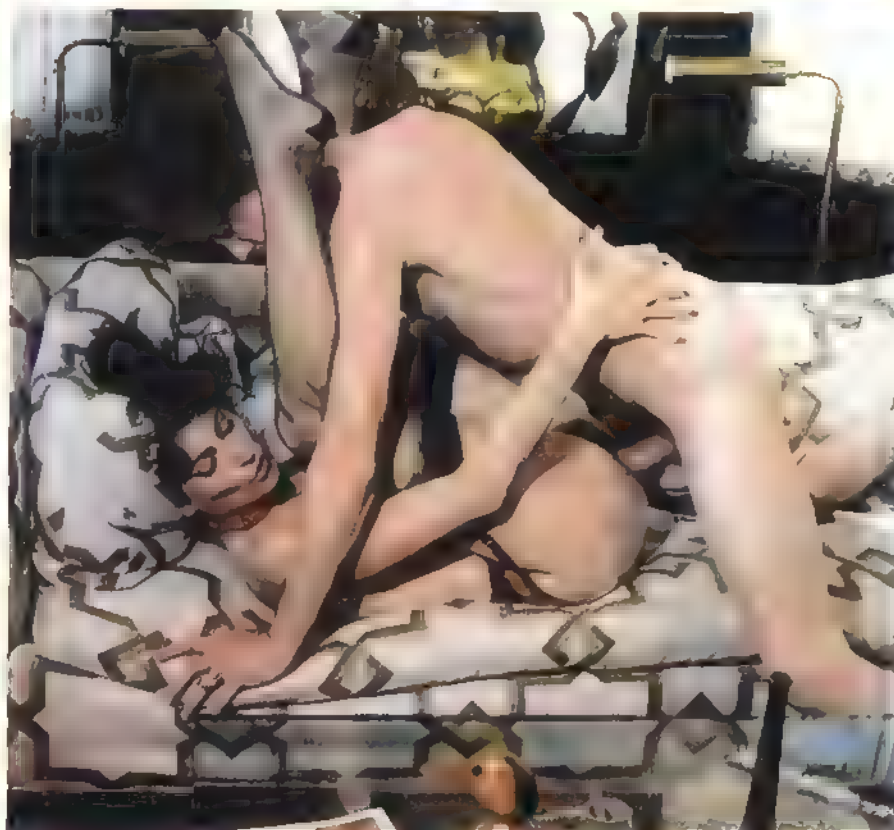




Not all female tits are alike. Some are merely decorative appendages on the lady, and she gets little real pleasure from having them sucked and fondled. Others are intense pleasure centers and the owners can almost come just from having them teased properly. Indeed, there are a few women who do get their rocks off through their tits.

Miss Jersey Maid, it develops, does not have those incredible tits just for decorative reasons. Her nipples turn out to be loaded with nicely sensitive nerve endings and they erupt when John's mouth closes around them. When the tip of his tongue begins its massage the electricity shoots down from her tits to the heart of the gal's snatch, and she explodes. Now John has her totally under control and is set to plough her under. With a mighty thrust of his cock he drives her over the edge to total orgasm, which means, when Big John Holmes is delivering the meat, that she doesn't stop coming until John is ready to drop from exhaustion and finally pulls out. With John, that can take a long, long time, and he tries plenty of variations before he's finished for the evening.

John Holmes, as we all know, has fucked some of the world's loveliest women and been paid for the privilege. Some? There's the distinct possibility that he's



After they had fucked until she was exhausted, she sat John upright in a try at blowing him; but his cock, as usual, was too big, and she had to settle for nibbling daintily at the bloated pink tip.



fucked most of the cream of the crop. Remember, please, that his fame has fled before him and the gals line up just so they can brag about having fucked Big John. He has his pick and he takes only the best. In his career he's probably slipped all those pounds of meat to a number of thousands of women, all of them beautiful. Considering that John is still a young man, it's doubtful that his record will ever be broken.

Watching him fuck Miss Jersey Maid will tell you one of the reasons he's so much in demand. It isn't just the size of his cock. *It's the way he uses it.* John has endurance to match his size, and he always finds the perfect tempo. That isn't all, of course. When he goes down on a gal, as he does on Miss Jersey Maid, he demonstrates cunt-licking techniques that rival his fucking ability. He's the grand champion of the horizontal rhumba.

His partner, Miss Jersey Maid, is also quite a performer. This combination of the two in one film is something to gladden the hearts of fuck film fans everywhere. ●







It seemed like it would never end; the white, sticky substance kept pulsing out of the tip of his mammoth cock until her mouth had filled to overflowing and spilled over onto her chin, finally to run down her neck where it stopped.

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